THE

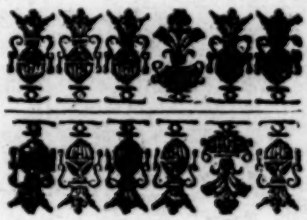
Wealthy Shop-keeper:

OR, THE

Charitable Citizen.

A

POEM.



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A Charitable Citizen.

THE
Wealthy Shop-keeper, &c.

CANTO I.

WITH Stars Propitious from his Birth he's bleſt,
Got by ſome Yeoman, or the Pariſh Prieſt;
Who ſtrengthen'd by *March* Beer, fat Beef, and Pork,
Is pleas'd ſometimes to do his Neighbour's Work:
The doubtful Offspring is, with Coſt and Care,
Train'd up at School, until his Fifteenth Year;
Whoſe painful Learning does at laſt amount,
To conſtrue *Lilly*'s Rules, and Caſt-Account.
Deſign'd a Parſon, but the hopeful Lad,
By kinder Fortune's deſtin'd to a Trade:
Where darling Int'reſt is alone careſt,
And the leaſt Merit always thrives the beſt.
In Leathern Breeches, and a courſe gray Coat,
With Shooe-ties made of Thongs, to Town he's brought,
In Waggon, or on Carriers gall'd Horſe back,
Mounted like *Northern Tike* upon a Pack.
His Friends ſeek out, ſome crafty Dealer's found,
To whom the Youth is, after liking, Bound;
In hopes to learn from the experienc'd Knave,
To Buy, to Sell, to Cozen, Gain, and Save;
Fir'd with old *Whittington*'s Proſperity,
He hopes to be Lord-Mayor as well as he,
And ſtrokes his Maſter's Cat, whil'ſt jangling Bells,
As the Fool thinks, his wond'rous Riſe foretells.

Thus by Friends Counſel, and his own conſent,
Seven *junior* Years in Servitude are ſpent,
Beneath a ſubtle crabbed Maſter's Care,
Whoſe cunning Frauds his great Examples are;
Till by Experience he expert is made,
In all the ſinful Myſt'ries of his Trade.
Thus qualified, when Time at length has broke
The Bonds that bound him to his ſervile Yoke,
No ſooner Free, but eager of a Wife,
He ſeeks to be Apprentic'd now for Life;
B'ing made by Seven Years Service truly fit,
To be a Woman's Slave, a marry'd Cit.
The Dame not with her Eyes, but Portion wounds,
Whoſe Faults perhaps are numerous as her Pounds.
For Gold, which mercenary Fools enſlave,
The Trader Charms, as Beauty does the Brave.
At *Hackney* School the awkard Thing is bred,
There taught with pains to bridle up her Head,
Does Natures more becoming freedom loſe,
On Tip-toe juts about in high-heel'd Shooes,
And with a formal ſtiffneſs ev'ry thing out-does.
The Coin ſhe brings ſets up the crafty Blade,
Careful t'improve the Int'reſt of his Trade;
For Wedlock's Woes, and wealthy Cares deſign'd,
To Shop and Wife he's ſlaviſhly confin'd:
What each requires he with ſubmiſſion doth,
And with ſevere attendance humours both.
Thus ſettled in a thriving part o'th' Town,
With cautious Steps he proſp'rouſly goes on,
Greedy t' impoſe, poor-ſpirited and baſe,
He grows, by knaviſh Conduct, rich apace:

Whilſt the good Man, that with a Conſcience deals,
Moves ſlow, and follows Fortune at the heels.
Proud is his Heart, yet humble is his Mein,
A Saint without, but Hypocrite within.
Each gainful Lye he does for Truth proteſt,
Can his own Words to various Sences wreſt:
The way you take 'em will your ſelf deceive,
You're ſurely chous'd if you his Cant believe.
You and the Dev'l he ſtrives alike to ſerve;
Cheat both, and ſave himſelf by a reſerve.
All uſeful Frauds that to his Int'reſt tend,
Or falſe Aſſertions that can ſerve his End,
He thinks by Cuſtom are as lawful grown,
As Deeds, an honeſt Man dare do and own.
Watchful behind his Compter he appears,
And there all Day impriſon'd ſits, for Years:
Except when buſineſs Calls, he takes a looſe,
At Noon to *Change*, or Night to Coffee-Houſe.
His vacant Minutes in his Shop he ſpends
O'er News, to which he great attention lends;
Till he by reading *Gazetts* is become,
A Stateſman in th' Affairs of Chriſtendom:
And ſundry ways can form, to regulate
The worſt Diſorders of a drooping State:
The cauſe of all its Miſeries can tell,
And is as wiſe, in Thought, as *Matchiavel:*
Does the ſucceſs of each attempt foreſee,
Informs his Wife, who knows as well as he,
What the great End of all theſe things ſhall be.

Foreſight to Fools is ſomething hard to grant,
Since Wiſe-men oft the Heavenly Knowledge want:
Yet who can tell how Gods their Gifts beſtow,
An Aſs we find has Propheſi'd e're now.

CANTO II.

Thus he plods on for Twenty Years, or more,
Pays Scot and Lot to th' Parſon and the Poor:
His Dealings large, extravagant his Gain,
Eſteem'd a ſharp, but very honeſt Man.
As for Religion, he concedes with two,
A Chriſtian he's at Church, in Shop a Jew.
He twice each *Sunday* in Communion meets,
And Prays at Home as often as he Cheats.
Long-winded Graces at ſhort Meals he makes,
And bleſſes every Morning's Toaſt he breaks.
Hears ev'ry Night his youngeſt Prentice read,
Some long hard Chapter e're he goes to Bed.
Whilſt his own Thoughts are buſi'd to out-wit
The World, which is the ſmoother Epithet,
Our well-bred City uſe inſtead of Cheat.
Thus with mild Terms they take away the Stain,
And call a Knave in Trade, a *Cunning-Man.*

Extravagance, like Poetry, he hates,
And ne'er beyond a Diſh of Coffee treats.
Will talk and wrangle, like the meaneſt Scrub,
Two Hours, to ſave a Farthing in his Club.

Wine

Wine he drinks ſeldom, leſt his Stomach's chill,
And when he does, he ne'er exceeds a Jill,
Except ſome mighty Reaſon ſhould induce
The Niggard, to debauch beyond his uſe;
As Loyalty; he alters then his ſtint,
And, on the King's Birth-Day, drinks half a Pint.
Which three Pence extraordinary ſpent,
Is a ſure ſign he loves the Government.
And that the World may ſee, by partial Fate,
He's deſtin'd to be Rich and Fortunate.
In this ſmall tract of Time three Wives at leaſt,
Are reſcu'd from his mercenary Breaſt,
By that grim ſpright the wretched oft invoke,
To end their Cares and Miſeries with a ſtroke.
Each Help-mate worth a Thouſand Pounds or more,
Whoſe Portions much encreaſe the ill-got Store.
The Wife he minds not, but adores the Pence:
No Nights endearments does the Churl diſpence.
But kills her with the want of due Benevolence.

Large Sums with Prentices his Bags enrich,
And help to flatter his inſatiate Itch.
Some die, whilſt others backward to obey,
Complaining of hard uſage, run away.
Curſe his thin Beer, and rail at *Suffolk* Cheeſe,
Forſake their Int'reſt to purſue their Eaſe.
One Crop no ſooner runs, but in his room,
A new comes laden with a welcome Sum.
Thus by good-luck, aſſiſted with ſmall Thought,
His thriving Pence to num'rous Pounds are brought.

So

So Fortune's Minions from a low degree,
Climb the top Branches of her golden Tree;
There cull the precious Fruit, and with diſdain,
Behold th' unlucky Gape below in vain.

He now looks big, and does to Pow'r incline,
Will no ſmall Pariſh Office ſerve, but Fine.
The midnight King of Clubs he ſcorns to be,
And to ſome Barber leaves th' Authority.
Above his Neighbours he exalts his Horn,
And with impatience waits till choſe Church-Ward'n;
Where Gain and Reputation jointly meet,
And Homage makes the Office ſtill more ſweet.
Of theſe two Compliments, there's none more ſure,
Bows from the Rich, and Curſes from the Poor.
He and the Parſon now grow wondrous great,
And from the Paupers Box ſhare many a Treat;
Whilſt the ſtarv'd Wretches, whoſe Relief they ſpend,
By ſhameful Wants are haſten'd to their End.
When thus elected Ward'n, the Church in haſt,
Muſt be repair'd, or elſe the Bells new Caſt,
A Gall'ry added, or an Organ rais'd,
That Heav'n, with Hearts more chearful, may be prais'd;
The Steeple mended, or the Dial gilt,
The Chancel painted, or a Porch new built,
Not thro' a Chriſtian Zeal, or good Deſign,
To make the Temple of the Lord more fine,
But his own Bags with Pariſh Caſh to fill,
By Goz'nage in the payment of each Bill,

To

With which the Workmen knaviſhly accord,
And make ſo large, they well may bate a third,
Then bids 'em write, receiv'd the full Contents,
And thus diſcov'ry of the Fraud prevents.
So thoſe who did the Project firſt invent,
Of building *Bedlam* and the *Monument*,
Like good Truſtees, the Orphans Bank ingroſs'd,
And ſunk much more than both the Baubles coſt.
If any curious Chriſtian ſhould deſire,
To know who lin'd the Pews, or rais'd 'em high'r,
The World may read, inſcrib'd upon a Stone,
John Sharp Church-Ward'n when theſe good things were done.
His Word goes current now the City round,
Reported worth at leaſt Ten Thouſand Pound.
Great in his Company he's alſo grown,
Thro' ev'ry Station gradually has run,
And greedy of that honourable ſway,
Is choſen Maſter next Election-Day:
Who in his Liv'ry-Gown and Band preciſe,
Looks very burly, and as gravely Wiſe;
At th' upper-end of th' upper Table ſits,
And culls from ev'ry Diſh his dainty Bits.
To th' Venſon and the Fowl he gives applauſe,
And ſtoutly labours Knuckle-deep in Sauce.
At laſt the Cuſtard ſorely is oppreſt,
B'ing pleas'd, he with full Mouth commends the Feaſt,
And eats, by computation, ſeven Pound at leaſt.

Long has the Pulpit labour'd hard to free
The City, from the ſin of Gluttonie;
But ſtill her Sons Heav'ns plenteous Gifts prophane,
And Gormandize, like Beaſts, not eat like Men.

CANTO III.

Now ſwell'd with Pride, he does Majeſtick grow,
And with a Nod returns his Neighbour's Bow.
In all Affairs, talks gravely as a Judge,
And Bellies like a Hogſhead in the boudge.
Looks high, will none beneath himſelf regard,
And often Dines with th' Alderman o'th' Ward.
He's now much alter'd, and the Change he keeps
Each Day as conſtant, as at Night he ſleeps.
Eſtabliſh'd in the World, he takes good Heart,
And his Half-Pint he turns into a Quart.
To th' Coffee-Houſe too becomes a mighty Gueſt,
And reads the News five times a Day at leaſt.
From whence he wiſely does aſſert, 'tis plain,
The Duke of *Anjou* has no right to *Spain*;
But is for ſo dividing on't, that ſome
May go to ev'ry part of Chriſtendom:
Which he does eas'ly, as a Man may cut
A Twelfth-Cake for the King, Queen, Knave, and Slut.
Nay, and without Book tells, by ſtrength of Head,
How many Dogs are loſt, or Horſes ſtray'd:
And gives the Marks, as if they'd been his own,
From the crop'd Greyhound, to the ſpavin'd Roan.

Being now grown wond'rous Rich, he has a Call,
By Summons, to the *Blue-Coat Hoſpital.*
Where his wife, worſhipful, and worthy Sir,
Is choſen, for his Wealth, a Governour,
In hopes he once will Charitable be,
And leave 'em, when he dies, a Legacy.

Proud

Proud of the Honour he attends each Court;
But does, like many more, nor good nor hurt:
Who gaze about, and with each others Eyes,
Twenty gray Heads behold to one that's wise.

He now so formal grows, the whole Machine,
Moves as if *German* Clock-work rul'd within.
His Actions tim'd to certain Minutes are,
And ev'ry thing he does is regular.
I'th' Morning, when the Parish Clock strikes Five,
He 'wakes, and thanks the Lord that he's alive.
With Eyes turn'd up, Success does humbly pray,
To all the Frauds projected for the day.
Then raises from his Pillow his bald Crown,
And jumps into his Slippers and his Gown;
Steps to his Counting-House, there sits till Eight,
Consid'ring how to manage things of weight,
Precisely at which Hour he starts in haste,
And on a Toast and *Cheshire* breaks his Fast.
Which being done, he lifts up Hands and Eyes,
And thanks the L--d, at length, in holy wise.
Then from his Seat of Ease he rises up,
And belching, creeps down Stairs into his Shop:
Where for two hours the thrifty Churl abides,
And, for some Faults, his eldest Prentice chides;
Directs him in the bus'ness of the Day,
What Goods to send abroad, what Sums to Pay.
Then to some Neighbouring Coffee-House resorts,
There fills his empty Head with false Reports.
He reads and hears, and very wise is made,
In some Affairs of State, and some of Trade:

Sips

Sips off his Coffee, which to cool he blows,
And o'er the wreaking Liquor hangs his Noſe.
Where the hot Steam condenſes, and like Rain,
Drops from his Snout into his Diſh again.
He drinks two Doſes, till his Forehead ſweats,
And then commends it that it warms and wets.
From thence to th' Tavern-Kitchin he adjourns,
There takes a whet, and to his Shop returns.
At Twelve his Dinner's on the Table ſet,
His Stomach being as ready as his Meat:
But thro' good Husbandry does ne'er appoint
Above one Diſh, and that a thund'ring Joint.
By'mſelf he Dines, his Wives and Children dead,
Lonely his Table, and alike his Bed:
Yet for ſuch Loſſes no remorſe can ſhow.
Wealth is the Spring, whence all his Pleaſures flow:
Gold is his Heav'n, no other Loſs or Gain,
Can give the Wretch delight, or cauſe his Pain.
For half an Hour he feeds, and when he'as done,
In's Elbow-Chair he takes a Nap till One.
From thence to *Change* he hurries in a heat,
Where Knaves and Fools in mighty numbers meet,
And kindly mix the Bubble with the Cheat.
There barters, buys and ſells, receives and pays,
And turns the Pence a hundred ſeveral ways:
At all he ventures, to be rich and great,
And is in ev'ry Dealing Fortunate.
In this great Hive, where Markets riſe and fall,
And ſwarms of Muckworms round its Pillars crawl,
He, like the reſt, as buſie as a Bee,
Remains amongſt the Hen-peck'd Herd till Three.

Then at *Lloyd's* Coffee-Houſe he never fails,
To read their Letters, and attend the Sales.
There buys by Candle-Inch, but when he ſells,
By what he bought by Inch, he'll gain by Ells.
When this is over he to Shop repairs,
And with ſharp Eye inſpects his Home-Affairs;
Examines what's come in, and what's gone out,
Who has been here, what bus'neſs 'twas about.
Then fills his Silver Box, *Remember*, John,
If any asks, to th' Coffee-Houſe I'm gone.
There ſits an Hour, ſips *Ninny* Broath, and Laughs,
To ſee the Neighbouring *Bucks* contend at Draughts.
Tir'd with this Sport, he to the Sack-ſhop goes,
And brisks his Thoughts with a ſalubrious Doſe.
There meets a Club of Elders, like himſelf,
Who live like Swine, and wallow in their Pelf.
Where, in ſmall Meaſure they the Fox purſue;
Call for Half-Pints that each may have his due:
Which they repeat, till Sparkles in their Eyes,
And ſcarlet Fevers in their Cheeks ariſe.
Whilſt the three Topicks of their ſenſleſs Chat,
Is firſt of Trade, Religion, then the State,
Which they with wild Conceits unmercifully Bait.
When each grave Toper has imbib'd his Quart,
Their dividends they pay, ſhake Hands and part.
Now to his *Turkiſh* Soop again he comes,
To qualifie the Wine's aſpiring Fumes.
Then home he Jogs, talks ſmutty to his Maid,
Eats a ſlight Supper, prays, and ſo to Bed.
Thus he by Rule compleats each Days deſign,
Has Hours for Coffee bus'neſs, and for Wine;
And does the whole diſpatch before *Bow*-Bell rings Nine.

Cunning, Succeſs, Severity, and Care,
A Trader's Friends, and beſt Supporters are.
For City-Knaves their Ill-got Wealth poſſeſs,
By ſwallowing Fools, as greater Fiſh the leſs.

CANTO IV.

Now Old, his Conſcience to himſelf looks black,
And Pain and Sorrow bend his Aged Back.
Decay in ev'ry feeble Limb appears,
Whilſt he bemoans the number of his Years.
He Sighs, and does, with wiſhful Eyes, behold
His Piles of Silver, and vaſt Sums of Gold:
But with an anxious Breaſt, and troubled Thought,
Groaning, remembers how 'twas baſely got.
The Curſes of old Age, the *Gout* and *Stone*,
Torment the Wretch for the paſt Ills he as done.
Who for ſweet Eaſe ſollicits Heav'n in vain,
And grows almoſt a Chriſtian thro' his Pain.
Still greater Mis'ries ev'ry Hour accrue,
And the pale Foe draws nearer to his view:
His Nerves grow weak, and his Diſtempers ſtrong,
His Intervals more ſhort, his Pains more long,
His fleſhy Sides from City Banquets drawn,
He finds conſum'd into a Skeleton.
His Appetite is gone, his Breath grown ſhort,
And all his lively Thoughts turn'd *al-a-mort*.
Thus in theſe Conflicts he begins to Rave,
Devided 'twixt his Treaſure and the Grave:
Have I my Life in Care and Slav'ry ſpent,
And all my reſtleſs Thoughts t'wards Riches bent!

Where's

Where's my Phyſician? let him eaſe my Cough,
And give me ſtrength, he ſhall have Gold enough.
Will nothing help me in my painful Fits?
Phyſick and Riches both, alas, are Cheats!
But ſhou'd I die, O how ſhall I attone,
For all the Ills and Knav'ries I have done!
To thoſe I've wrong'd, what Meaſures ſhall I take,
To own my Guilt, and Reſtitution make?
Many, alas, are Strangers, others dead;
Some Broke, and into diſtant Regions fled!
No, 'tis impoſſible, (the more's my Woe)
To thoſe I've injur'd, I ſhould Juſtice do!
There is but one way left, as I conceive,
My Soul from threat'ning Vengeance to retrieve;
I muſt my Ill-got Wealth to Pious uſes leave.
Send for the Scriv'ner, Oh! it breaks my Heart,
Alas, dear Gold, that thee and I muſt part.

The Scribe approaches, arm'd with pointed Quill,
Bows, Lies, and ſays, he's ſorry he's ſo Ill.
After ſome Talk, does all his Tools provide,
Draws near the dying Penitent's Bed-ſide,
Takes his laſt Teſtament by ſlow degrees,
The Heads and Purport being chiefly theſe.

Imprimis, I bequeath Five hundred Pound,
To buy, near *London*, ſuch a *Lay-ſtale* Ground.
Item, Two Thouſand Pounds I do allot,
To build an Alms-houſe on th'aforeſaid Spot;
Contriv'd commodiouſly to entertain,
Twenty Old Women, and as many Men.
Item, Ten Thouſand Pounds I give, which ſhall,
Endow my Houſe of Charity withal:

Blue

Blue Gowns, Shifts, Coals, and Candles to provide,
And every one a Groat a Day beſide.
Item, Five hundred Pounds, with good intent,
I give to beautifie the *Monument*.
And that the Mad Folks may be kept more neat,
Five hundred more to make new *Bedlam* ſweet.
Item, Two thouſand Pounds, with good deſign,
I do bequeath, to make *Paul's* work more fine.
Item, To th' *Blue-Coat Hoſpital* I give,
Two hundred Pounds, that my good Name may live,
And place amongſt their Benefactors have.
Hoping their Boys will ſing me to my Grave.
Item, Ten Pounds I order to be paid,
To each Man Servant, Twenty to my Maid,
For the great Care ſhe'as in my Sickneſs ſhown,
And other Reaſons to my ſelf beſt known.
Item, Three hundred Pounds I freely give
Amongſt the Poor, within the Ward I live.
A Gown and Caſſock to the Pariſh-Prieſt,
For his kind Promiſe of eternal Reſt.
A---B---C---D--- Exec'tors I appoint,
Of this my Laſt and only Teſtament,
That they with all exactneſs may fulfil,
Each part and Clauſe of this my dying Will.
When Hand and Seal has giv'n it lawful force,
Next Day he changes, and becomes much worſe.
Too weak to ſtir, he raves upon his Back,
Death why ſo pale, and Conſcience why ſo black.
Where am I going? Prithee Nurſe more Air,
Methinks I'm ſinking down the Lord knows where,
He gaſps and ſtretches, ſtrives, but cannot riſe,
Then ruttles in the Throat, and rowls his Eyes,
Thus leaves his ill-got Treaſure, and diſpairing dies.

FINIS.